

the

LINK

January 1972

WISDOM GOES ON
PILGRIMAGE

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

WHEN IT'S GOOD TO BE
ANGRY



**"He's
Got the
Whole World
in His Hands"**





THE LINK



A MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 30

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NO. 1

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Inside Back: Lights burn at the UN as China comes in. Photo by Gene Ahrens.

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

ON BEING THIRTY

With this issue **THE LINK** marks its thirtieth year of continuous publication. As the obstacles to sustained magazine publishing grow steadily more formidable, its anniversary is cause for at least modest satisfaction. Since, however, two Americans out of three regard the thirty-year-old as venerable, we prefer to remember that age is more a matter of outlook and spirit than of chronology. The recollection affords both solace and challenge.

THE LINK's sincere appreciation goes out to the far-flung military and Veterans Hospital communities and to their chaplains for the welcome they have steadily accorded it for lo these many years. It hopes it may continue to merit their respect and to enjoy their friendship.

At a time when interest in religion is keen, especially among the young, and when the need for cordial links between servicemen and civilians is critically important, **THE LINK** is delighted to be thirty!

S T A F F

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Wisdom Goes On Pilgrimage

By Mariana L. Brierton

THOSE three wise men had to be the greatest believers in deceptive appearances ever! Take a close look at them. Men of wealth, of science and learning, men of dignity and respect. They were undoubtedly accustomed to elegant surroundings, to the "finer things in life." Yet they undertook an arduous pilgrimage, traveling hundreds of miles at their own expense and taking with them very costly gifts. And for what? A goodwill mission from their country to the royalty of another? A visit of homage to a great ruler? No. They ended their long journey in the most humble of places — a stable. They gave their beautiful presents to a mere newborn baby. Just an ordinary baby it would have seemed. A baby born in such lowly circumstances, of roughly dressed

parents who couldn't even afford to pay the price of a decent room for the birth of their first-born son.

What more unassuming and unpretentious event could have been found? But to this place and to this baby the wise men came. They gave their gifts. They worshiped before a tiny baby laid in a manger, then left as quietly as they had come. And happy! I like to imagine the marvelous look that must have been on their faces, the thoughts whirling through their minds. (We *did* find him! We have seen the child of Destiny — the newborn King!) I don't think they discussed where they had been and what they had witnessed; their hearts were too full with the awe and wonder of it all to put into words. Then, finally, when they were able to give voice

to their deep emotions, conversation must have poured out in a wonderfully happy stream.

They Ignore Herod

These three men were not impressed by Herod and his splendid court. They took no notice of the lavish celebrations going on elsewhere in the vast world called Rome. Instead, they chose to go out into the boondocks, so to speak, and find the most unnoteworthy and seemingly insignificant thing taking place anywhere in the whole Roman Empire! One baby born in Bethlehem — that was their goal. They never deviated from their quest, either. They did not give up, even though the way was long and difficult, because in their hearts was a vision of finding a King. Great was their faith in the star which guided them. Faith that the single, brilliant, blazing star would bring them to the one they sought. It did. Their tenacity and courage in following the light of heaven which moved steadily until it rested over the stable was fully rewarded.

So it has been throughout the history of the Christian faith. Faith is not generated in noisy, bustling, showy ceremony. Life in Christ begins and gains its constant inspiration from the quiet moments, the almost irrelevant ones. The faith to move mountains, indeed, will eventually lead to its own heights and true greatness, but this faith has its birth inconspicuously, as did the baby whose nativity we celebrate once more. Quietly — yet with the song of angels. Humbly and unobtrusively

— yet visited by Eastern Sages bearing the richest of gifts.

Certainly, this was no Sam Goldwyn production — this old barn with nothing but straw to cover the floor, a few donkeys and some cattle for extras! And Mary and Joseph, tired and worn from their travel, were undoubtedly anything but glamorous that night — especially Mary, a young girl alone with her worried husband and giving birth for the first time. No colossal fanfare, though. Just God's greatest, quietest miracle! The miracle on a cold winter night which we still celebrate as Christmas. The miracle of hope and assurance for all mankind.

Spectacular, but No Substance

We are often so obsessed by the super-star and the gigantic event. Then we become confounded and sink into complete despair with this world's "spectaculars" which lead only to more confusion, more heartaches, and more bloody turmoil. Have we faith in that which is truly important, or are we impressed most by the glittering inventions of our day? The wise men were not awed by the legions of Caesar. They did not come to see thousands of warriors on parade, nor did they seem to care that Rome ruled the world, and the man who sat on its throne was a "god." These three men came to find a baby who ruled nothing and would never once sit on a man-made throne of gold. This baby was born to rule men's hearts, not a country or an empire. This baby was conceived by the Holy Spirit, not for a mere earthly palace, but to sit on

the throne of God. I think the wise men must have perceived all these things and followed the star to Bethlehem because they sensed the greatness of the moment, that the event they were led to seek out was truly divine.

Now the glory of Rome is dust, and there is certainly no remembrance or special day set aside around the world for any of her accomplishments. The only thing that ever took place in that huge Empire of the Caesars which is celebrated and revered today is the birth of a baby in Judea. The one vital event! Do I have the wisdom as did those men from a far land to seek out only that which is truly of value amid all the attention-getting things around me? Do I have the faith to believe in the truly vital although it may seem so small compared to the colossal happenings of this computerized and technical twentieth century? The baby from Bethlehem grew to be Jesus, the Great Physician, the Teacher, the Master. And this man born in obscurity became Christ, the Resurrected Lord of the universe — the Lord of all life, yes, the Lord of my life.

We Must Journey to Bethlehem

Christmas is indeed a wonderful season, but we must be sure to allow ourselves time to make our own spiritual journey to the stable, to go with the wise men as they follow their star. Time to worship in quietness, in humility, in joy, and in gratitude. The message of the angel is the same for each one of us this season as it was for the shepherds. "For unto

you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11 KJV). We, too, shall glorify and praise God for his indescribable gift on that first Christmas — the birth of his own son. This is what makes every Christian celebration so different from any other holiday in our year. It is the season for remembering that we honor not the birth or death of a great and noble person. It is a special opportunity to "come and adore Him," to lift up grateful hearts for the birth of him who will never die! And especially at Christmas, to take time from our myriad preparations to stand in wonder, to come seeking a newborn King, and then to lay at his feet our finest gifts. What gifts? A wholehearted dedication to serving him and our fellowman better each day, a prayer without ceasing always in our hearts, a steadfast faith that looks up to ask in love and hope, "Lord, thy will be done in me!"

Then, during any day when life seems hectic, duties impossible, our work too hard, the problems of this noisy, sprawling world far too great to cope with or possibly find solution to, remember Christmas! Remember the small baby. Compare the circumstances of His birth to the pomp and glory that was Rome. Would we, like the wise men, have the vision and faith to believe in a newborn baby? To have placed our entire confidence in something which was momentarily so small and insignificant? The faith and courage and love He brings forth in us today, these intangible but absolutely vital energies, came into the world so

quietly and unobtrusively. But who changed the entire universe and has been doing so through all the centuries and will always be working in men's lives and affairs "to will and to do"? The Caesars of Rome who were the established rulers, whose legions were so mighty, whose unquestioned power and dictates so final? The great and noisy events of that day, or the small, quiet, simple one? Was it not the simple, the unobtrusive yet miraculous occurrence, the event witnessed by very few, which became known to thousands and to millions in every far-flung

part of the earth? The birthday of Christ Jesus who lives forever? The birth of him who is born again every day in the hearts of all who will receive him? The birth of the Living Lord?

Let's follow the three wise men as they journey patiently after the brightest star in the heavens to find a newborn King. Our belief is of the utmost importance. Dare we take time to be awed by empty bigness which quickly fades away? The wise men knew where true greatness was to be found. They went on pilgrimage. Would we?

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: The Book of Wisdom (Apocrypha)

1. How would you define "wise"?
2. Who was the wisest person you've ever met?
3. Who, in your estimation, are the "wise men" of our day? Do they come from any particular walk of life? What distinguishes them? Do they have wide influence?



Some Ancient Wisdom

By Toby Smith

I had been in Japan for only a month and the early anticipated adventure and excitement had already worn off. I had explored around some and found things utterly impossible. My stomach couldn't take the strange food. The language was a complete mystery. The subways seemed baffling. Everything was expensive and the people, millions of them everywhere, were all strangers.

I was homesick for the United States, for my friends and for words and places and sights I could understand. But, as a member of the Armed Forces, I faced a year more here. How could I ever last? How could I possibly like it here? I wondered about this as I sat in my Army office in Tokyo that Saturday afternoon. I was sadly thinking about how much trouble I had gone through just the night before trying to figure out their money system, when suddenly I felt a gentle tap on

my arm.

"Smith-san?" a small voice said.

"Yes?" I answered, turning around.

It was Suzuki, a young Japanese fellow about my age, who worked in our office delivering messages. I had noticed him before, always smiling and bowing. I had also noticed he didn't speak English well, so I didn't want to have much to do with him.

"You know Kamakura?" he asked, looking at me with a grin.

"No," I said, "who is it?"

He shook his head. "Wish to go?"

"Where?"

"Kamakura," he said. "Many shrine . . . and Daibutsu."

"Dai-what?"

"Daibutsu. Big Buddha." He gestured with his hands. "You like. You will come with me please?"

"To Kamakura?" I asked puzzled. I didn't even know Tokyo.

"Tomorrow we go. Take train. Not far and you like please."

THE next day, being Sunday, was my day and I had planned to sack in late and then spend the rest of the day like I had my other days off, in the enlisted men's club with my barracks buddies, taking in the American floorshow. Why should I want to go look at some shrines? You see one and you've seen them all.

"I don't know," I said. Suzuki looked at me, still smiling but with a pleading look in his eyes. I thought a bit. Shrines! This country was shrine-crazy. Always praying to Buddha or whatever their thing was. Oh, well.

"All right, I'll go," I said, nodding my head and really wanting Suzuki to quit bothering me. Suzuki smiled and bowed and then hurried off.

The next morning I met him at the train station at 7 o'clock. I was thinking, my day off, and here I am at some station waiting to go look at some statues and gongs. I thought of the nice warm bed I had left and shook my head.

Suzuki grinned at me. "Smith-san sleepy?" I didn't answer.

We boarded the crowded train and started off on the hour and a-half ride. I had to stand up most of the way and felt like a sardine. The Japanese travelers were pressing in all around me. All going to shrines, too, I thought. What fools! I looked over at Suzuki. He smiled. Inscrutable Japanese, they don't even know what pain is.

We finally reached Kamakura. It looked to me like some dreary little fishing town out in the middle of nowhere. We left the station and started off for the temples. Along

the way, Suzuki bought some raw fish on crackers and offered me some. I grimaced and turned my head.

As we came to the shrine area, Suzuki paused at each shrine. At one he studied a monk chanting prayers. At another he sipped some magical water. At a third he bought a souvenir flower. I waited impatiently at each stop while he went about his business.

Then before us suddenly was Daibutsu, the Big Buddha. It was a tremendous monument and a huge crowd was gathered about its base staring up in awe. Suzuki halted before the giant monstrosity and looked up for what seemed like an hour. Then he motioned to me and went around behind the Buddha and up a long, steep hill. It was hard going and rocky most of the way, but I doggedly followed him anyway. We reached a clearing on the top and he sat down upon a rock. I settled down beside him and wiped sweat from my face. Suzuki was not even breathing hard. He was looking out in the distance toward the Pacific Ocean. We sat silently for several minutes, then he said:

"You know, Smith-san, we have Buddha. What have you?"

I looked at him. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Do I have a God? Yes."

"Do you believe?" He was staring deeply into my eyes, his face in a serious expression.

"Well, of course," I said, feeling a little irritated at him suddenly, and still trying to catch my wind after the climb.

"How? To church . . . you go?"

"It's hard," I said. And then I began explaining that because our office was in downtown Tokyo and all the military chaplains were out at the big U. S. bases in the country, almost two hours by train, it would take a lot of time and work for me to get to church. I hadn't been since arriving in Japan. I looked at Suzuki, thinking he didn't understand.

"You know, Smith-san. If we" [and he pointed to himself] "believe in Buddha, all happiness in life come. Nothing to worry about. I happy and I have Buddha. And you?"

I blinked my eyes. What was this guy trying to do? Turn me into a Buddhist? Then I looked at him. No, he wasn't trying to convert me, he was just testing me. It was an odd little trick but it had worked. It took a foreigner with an entirely different concept of religion and 10,000 miles from home, to make me remember to be aware of and to seek God. This little fellow next to me, who earlier I could barely figure out, had suddenly knocked me over with his words. For maybe the reason I was so disgusted in Japan was that I had perhaps neglected God.

Sure I was homesick. I had left all sorts of things back in the United States — a girl friend, my car, my family and friends — things I couldn't possibly bring with me here. But, at that moment I began to see why I felt so isolated and unnatural in this un-native country. It was because I had left at home something valuable — something that I could easily have brought with me — God. I was in different surroundings but in a place actually no different really

from where I was used to. Now it dawned on me that God would find me in this faraway land and guide me into enjoying it and doing something of value here.

I looked at Suzuki. He was smiling again. Then he grabbed my arm and got up. I rose and followed him still thinking of his words, "And you, Smith-san?"

We walked back down the hill and came to a small shrine on another area. Suzuki stepped up and reached in his pocket and pulled out some coins. Then he tossed them in front of the shrine, clapped his hands three times, bowed, then prayed. I watched and then for some reason found myself up next to him. I repeated his act and said a prayer, not to Buddha, but to God. It really didn't matter where I was or how I did it. I knew this.

I stepped back and found Suzuki behind me laughing. "And what did pray for?" he asked.

"Well," I hesitated, "for happiness."

"And will you get?"

"Of course," I said confidently, and in the distance I could see the Daibutsu, now glowing and towering magnificently. Around it stood a beautiful blend of Japanese pine trees and tourists clad in bright clothes. The delicious smell of noodles simmering on a nearby peddler's cart delighted my nose.

"Where to next?" I asked Suzuki, as I walked forward quickly, eager to see the rest of Kamakura, eager to see the rest of Japan.



Mr. Wong Points a Finger

By Dan Ross

Mei Wong scores again!

ART DEALER Mei Wong seldom left his studio in Bombay's Empire Hotel during business hours. But the phone call he'd just received from his friend, Inspector Bannerjee of the great Indian city's Homicide Division, had left him little choice.

The Inspector's voice had been tense as he said: "I'm at the home of Walter Brandon. Somebody has plunged one of his antique knives into his back. Got him while he was at work cleaning another of his collector's items. I think you might be able to help. Can you come over right away?"

"I will leave at once," Mei Wong promised. The news of the wealthy American's murder came to him as a shock. Only the day before he'd completed the sale of a jeweled blossoming prunus tree of the Yung

Cheng period to Brandon. He'd liked the florid-faced, graying millionaire although he knew there were many who had reason to hate him. These included his stepson, Judson Gary, who only remained in his household and as an employee of the firm because of his mother's insistence. The young man was always quarreling with Brandon. And there was his former partner, William Hale, who'd told everyone in Bombay that Brandon had swindled him when he sold out his share of their vast importing business.

Mei Wong's broad face was grave as he thought of the murdered man and those who might have a possible motive for killing him. He stepped into the ancient elevator of the Empire Hotel and stood stolidly like an immaculate, white-suited Buddha as



the elevator creaked its way down to the lobby level.

He stepped out into the blinding sunshine of the street and signaled to a nearby rickshaw boy. He gave the boy the address of Brandon's home and deposited his massive body into the ancient vehicle which was dried brittle from the merciless sun. The boy picked up the long shafts and, leaning his sparse weight against them, plopped off in the direction of the fashionable dwelling area in which Brandon had his home.

Mei Wong thought that Inspector Bannerjee had mentioned the murdered man was working on some treasure when he'd been killed. He

wondered if robbery had been involved? If so, the motive of the crime would be plain. On the other hand, if there had been no theft it would be a matter of deciding who among Brandon's enemies had taken this way of getting revenge.

His thoughts were interrupted by the intermittent ringing of a bell and he saw that along with the shaft the boy held a half bicycle bell in his left hand and was using it to good advantage. Beggars, ancient and watery-eyed, cupped a hopeful hand as Mei Wong jogged by.

"Baksheesh, master, baksheesh," they cried in their thin high wail of despondency.

At last they came to the big stone house and Mei Wong noted the cars parked in front of it and the bearded, turbaned police officer standing on the front steps. The rickshaw boy halted and wiped his sweaty brow with a filthy rag then assisted the stout Mei Wong to the sidewalk. He quickly paid the boy and went up the steps.

As soon as the policeman heard his name he ushered him into the semi-darkness of the cool inner hallway. Tall, hawk-faced Inspector Bannerjee was standing there in solemn conversation with a distinguished-looking, silver-haired man who Mei Wong recognized as Walter Brandon's former partner, William Hale.

Seeing him, Inspector Bannerjee broke away from Hale, and came forward with an outstretched hand. "Good of you to come," he said.

Mei Wong shook hands and sighed. "I was distressed," he said. "Where did you find him?"

"His stepson found him in his study," the Inspector said, "He'd been working there late last night when the others retired. Cleaning some valuable piece he'd gotten from you."

"A jade tree set with precious stones," Mei Wong told him. "Was it taken?"

The Inspector shook his head. "No. Since I imagine it's worth a small fortune we can rule robbery out as a motive."

The old art dealer eyed him gravely. "Then it was a murder of passion. Someone who wanted revenge?"

Inspector Bannerjee's ascetic face

showed annoyance and he touched a hand to his short vandyke beard. "It's a nasty situation. We have three logical suspects. Two of them with excellent reasons for wanting Brandon out of the way. But let us view the body first," he said and led Mei Wong down the hallway.

THEY STOPPED at a large room that had served Walter Brandon as a den and a display place for his many art treasures. The murdered man lay on the crimson carpet with the jeweled handle of an antique knife protruding from his back. The chair he'd occupied was overturned beside him and on the desk the jeweled prunus tree in its enamel pot still stood with a cloth and upset bottle of cleaning fluid beside it.

"This is where Judson Gary, his stepson, found him just before breakfast," the Inspector said. "As soon as we've finished with photographs and checking fingerprints we'll move the body."

Mei Wong gazed silently at the sprawled, lifeless figure on the carpet, his brow wrinkled in a frown. He then gave his attention to the desk: "The cleaning fluid was spilled I see," he said. "It is a special formula of my own making. I gave it to him when he bought the jeweled tree of Yung Cheng."

"I doubt if he knew who drove the knife into him," the Inspector said. "He must have died almost at once. Still there was a slight struggle, enough to upset that bottle and the chair."

They left the room and Mei Wong paused in the hallway: "Do you

suspect the stepson?"

The Inspector nodded. "You've read my mind, Mei Wong. It is Judson Gary who has the most likely motive. His stepfather had been opposing his plans to marry and had threatened to disinherit him."

"Is there a possibility of it being anyone else?" Mei Wong asked.

Inspector Bannerjee gave a perplexed sigh. "Yes. That's one of the reasons I had you come here. I thought you might have some suggestions. By a fantastic coincidence William Hale, whom you saw when you came in, also spent the night in this house."

Mei Wong's broad face showed interest. "That was most unusual."

"According to Hale he was invited here by Brandon," the Inspector went on. "It seems there were still a couple of properties to be settled. Brandon wanted to talk the matter over with Hale and come to some kind of satisfactory arrangement."

"Before it was much different," Mei Wong reminded the Inspector. "Mr. Hale has often claimed to be the victim of Walter Brandon's dishonesty."

The Inspector nodded and said in a cynical tone: "I remember all too well. But now Hale claims Brandon wanted to make amends and that was why he called him here."

"In that case," Mei Wong said, "it is extremely unlikely that he would have murdered Brandon before he could indulge in his generous gesture."

"Exactly," the Inspector agreed. And then spreading his palms in a resigned gesture: "But we have only



Hale's word for this. Neither Judson Gary nor Mrs. Brandon seem to know anything about it."

Mei Wong considered a moment. "That leaves only Margaret Brandon as a possible suspect unless it could be one of the servants."

"The only servant here last night was an elderly man, deaf and infirm," the Inspector said, "You can rule him out. Along with Mrs. Brandon as well, I'd say. She seems overcome with shock and grief."

"I see," Mei Wong agreed. "So that leaves only the two men."

"I'd say it has to be one of them," the Inspector said grimly. "I hope you might have something to add to my small sum of knowledge. You were well acquainted with Walter Brandon. It occurred to me you might have some idea who'd have reason to murder him."

"I haven't much to offer beyond what you've already discovered," Mei Wong observed. "But there is one thought that occurs to me. Perhaps if we might talk to all three of them in the living room?"

"That can easily be arranged," Inspector Bannerjee promised. "Since they are all three still in the house. The only problem might be Margaret Brandon since she was on the verge of hysteria when I finished questioning her awhile ago."

THE INSPECTOR left Mei Wong in the living room and went off to get the others. Only a few minutes passed before they filed into the room and greeted Mei Wong. They all showed the tension of the last few hours.

Judson Gary, blond, young and defiant, stood white-faced and cracking his knuckles nervously. Margaret Brandon, his mother and the murdered man's widow, had sorrow written on her pale, lovely face as with a nod to Mei Wong she sank into the nearest easy chair. William Hale was plainly upset and miserable as he also took a chair.

Inspector Bannerjee surveyed them all coolly. "As you must know," he said, "Mr. Wong was one of Walter Brandon's close friends. I have asked him here in the face of this tragedy in the hope he may be able to help."

Judson Gary spoke defiantly: "I don't see how. I think it's another of your stupidities. My stepfather was murdered by some intruder — some thief!"

The Inspector raised his eyebrows. "An interesting theory," and his tone became icy, "except there were no signs to suggest an intruder and nothing was stolen."

"He probably ran off in fear after his scuffle with my stepfather," Judson Gary insisted. "He didn't dare to wait and take anything."

William Hale spoke up now. "I do think this young man is right. None of us would want to harm Brandon. It had to be an outsider."

The Inspector gave him a knowing glance. "You have often made loud complaints about Brandon to many people."

Hale bowed his head. "I know," he admitted quietly. "But I explained that he and I had come to an agreement."

Margaret Brandon fastened her

large, blue eyes on the Inspector. "You must look elsewhere for your criminal, Inspector. I'm certain neither my son nor Mr. Hale did this dreadful thing."

The Inspector gave Mei Wong a look. "Have you any questions?"

The old art dealer nodded and turned to Judson Gary. "You were the one who discovered the body?"

The blond young man looked uneasy. "Yes . . . when I came down to breakfast."

"Then what did you do?" Mei Wong asked.

He hesitated. "I ran upstairs and told William Hale what had happened," he said. "Then he came down and we called the police."

"I see," Mei Wong said. "And neither of you told Mrs. Brandon about it until the police arrived?"

William Hale nodded. "We decided it would be better not to. We wanted to spare her the shock and horror at least until the police arrived." He paused. "I stopped by her room for a moment on the pretext of returning a book she'd given me to read last night. Actually I wanted to keep her from going downstairs for as long as possible."

Mei Wong studied him. "At this time she supposedly knew nothing of the crime. Would you say her behavior was in keeping with this? Quite normal?"

The white-haired man smiled sadly. "Oh, yes. In fact, I remember I was touched by her cheerfulness and her casual attitude. I couldn't help thinking of what she was on the brink of discovering and there she sat chatting and painting her

finger nails."

"Painting her finger nails?" Mei Wong inquired gently.

"That's right," William Hale said, as he glanced toward Margaret Brandon who sat very still and pale. "You see they've just been done. A crimson shade."

Mei Wong gave his attention to Margaret Brandon for a moment. The widow of the murdered man looked quickly at her hands and then clasped them together as if wanting to hide the vividly painted nails. She lifted her eyes to Mei Wong with an agony of appeal.

The old art dealer turned to Inspector Bannerjee. "When we were in the murdered man's study a few minutes ago I noted that the jewel cleaning fluid I'd given him had been upset. I'm familiar with its various properties and, although it can be washed from the hands, it leaves a permanent stain on the finger nails that takes some days to remove. I have an idea that Mrs. Brandon's painting her nails wasn't a casual act but rather a fearful one. She had to remove the evidence of that stain from her finger nails and it wouldn't come off. In fact, if you examine the undersides of them now you'll surely find it still there. The stain that will prove she was the one who used that fatal knife."

As he finished speaking Margaret Brandon sprang to her feet, her blue eyes blazing in the pale face. "Yes, I did it!" she admitted in a hysterical tone. "I had to! He was determined to ruin my son's life!" And with that she brought her hands up to cover

(Continued on page 50)

Women of the *Titanic*

By Harold Waters

The unsinkable luxury liner of 1912 hits an iceberg

THERE was no blaring of bugles, no discordant screeching of sirens, no harsh clanging of a general alarm. Only discreet knocking on stateroom doors by stewards followed by politely voiced requests for passengers to get dressed. The time was a few minutes after midnight aboard the new super liner *Titanic* on that fateful night of April 14-15, 1912. She had left Southampton a few days before, on April 10, bound for New York. A little earlier, at 11:40 P.M., there had been a slight, barely perceptible jar that had caused the great ship to shudder throughout her length. Then the engines had stopped, bringing her to a halt out there on the darkened sea. It was something like the shock transmitted by a light temblor, and many people slept right through it.

Those who had felt the jar shrugged it off as a matter of no consequence. After all, wasn't their brand new ship supposed to be unsinkable?

A male passenger, irate at being awakened from a sound sleep, inquired of a steward: "What is it, my man?"

"Nothing much, sir. The Captain just wants to have everybody aboard get dressed in case you have to go up on deck tonight." Taking in the passenger's light attire, the steward added, "Dress real warm, sir. It's blinkin' cold topside, a real perisher. Better get the madame and kiddies ready, too. I'll be back to help you with your life belts."

"Life belts!" exploded the passenger. "Never heard of such nonsense! What could we possibly hit out here in the middle of the ocean?"

"There's icebergs, sir. And we seem to have run afoul of one."

Then the command came down from the bridge, at 12:05.

"All passengers muster on the boat deck!"

Escorted by stewards, the passengers, now warmly clad and wearing life belts, trooped topside through a labyrinth of crowded passageways up to the boat deck. It was a clear, starlit night and bitterly cold. The sea itself was as calm as the proverbial millpond. Sailors were busy uncovering boats and getting them ready for lowering. The more observant among the passengers could not help noticing that *Titanic's* high bows were somewhat lower in the water than they should have been and that the ship had already taken a slight list to starboard. Yet there was no panic. The passengers stood quietly about in little groups awaiting orders.

Titanic was Great Britain's latest bid to maintain supremacy in the highly competitive North Atlantic passenger trade, a glamorous new queen of the seas displacing 66,000 tons. She was 882-feet long, 92-feet wide, triple-screwed, with powerful engines capable of driving her through the water at 25 knots. Palatial is the only way to describe her elegant appointments. In the First Class dining room there was ankle-deep carpeting throughout, ornate oak paneling along the walls, beautiful and comfortable hand-carved furniture, and magnificent wrought-iron scrollwork balustrades. The stateroom accommodations compared favorably with those available

in the better shoreside hotels. A legion of stewards and waiters were on hand to cater to every conceivable whim, and the cuisine could scarcely be improved upon. Some of the passengers had even brought their own personal servants along — ladies' maids, valets, and governesses for the children.

The great liner's safety features — with one "glaring exception" — were also something new in the field of marine design, featuring an apparently ultra-safe system of watertight integrity. Her double bottom consisted of 16 separate compartments extending across the breadth of the ship.

The "glaring exception," and it was soon to become tragically apparent, was in the field of life boat accommodations. There were 1,316 passengers and 891 crew members, making a total aboard of 2,207, but room in the life boats for only 1,178! What accounted for this ghastly oversight? According to British Board of Trade regulations of the day, a tragically outdated rule determined life boat requirements. All ships over 10,000 tons were required to carry no less than 16 life boats, with a seating capacity of 5,500 cubic feet, plus rafts and floats.

THE *Titanic* disaster also marked the end of another glaring inequality, i.e., the totally unfair practice of abandoning ship by class. First Class passengers entered the boats first, to be followed by the Second and Third Classes. Only four out of 143 women in the First Class were to perish, three of them by their

own choice; four out of 143 in the Second Class; and 81 out of 179 in the Third Class.

It was the same with the children. Only one child in the First Class was to go down with the ship, and that was because of her mother not letting her be passed into a lifeboat. Thus only one child among the 29 First and Second Class children perished; whereas only 23 out of 76 in the Third Class were saved. Social prestige, even in emergencies, counted for something in those days.

The situation topside was completely in hand. There was no panic, no attempt to rush the boats, no refusal to obey the commands of the officers as they busied themselves at getting the lifeboats ready. *Titanic's* officers, headed by her veteran master, Captain E. J. Smith, were the very pick of the White Star Line. The names of passengers in the First Class read like a Social Register and *Who's Who* of both continents. Astors, Guggenheims, Strauses, Dodges, from the United States. From Great Britain there were men and women of title, magnates, millionaires, people high in the arts and professions. In the Third Class were many Irish and Scandinavian immigrants.

The first of the radio distress messages crackled out at 12:15. It was a CQD, at that time the customary international call made by vessels in need of help. It was followed by MGY, call letters of *Titanic*, and her position. The calls were heard by a number of vessels. One was *Carpathia*, only 48 miles to the southward. *Carpathia* promised to come

to *Titanic's* assistance with all possible speed, around 17 knots. Yet ironically, the ship that should have heard the distress signals, but didn't, was *California*, only 10 miles distant. *California's* lone operator had just secured his set for the day. *Carpathia* looked like the best bet.

At 12:35 came the command to board the lifeboats. Then, "Women and children first!"

Yet the command, strangely enough, was scarcely greeted with enthusiasm. Few seemed disposed to exchange the relative security of *Titanic* for the uncertainty and discomfort of a small boat cast adrift on the ice-strewn sea. Besides, hadn't they been assured that their great ship was unsinkable?

The officers, who of course knew better, pleaded firmly with their charges to enter the boats, stressing that the ship might not be afloat much longer, so serious was the underwater damage.

"But what's to become of us out there on the sea?" asked one lady.

"Why can't our husbands go with us?" asked another.

To these and other requests, the officers politely but firmly insisted that the ladies and their children board the lifeboats.

And so reluctantly in many cases women and children entered the waiting boats.

Meanwhile the ship's band made its appearance on the boat deck and began to play light, cheerful music — concert airs of the day. It was also a very brave act on the part of the bandsmen, a sort of beau geste on the part of men who must have

known that they were about to die.

"Please, ladies," urged the officers, "you must hurry if you **are** to get off."

There were some women who seemed in no hurry at all, with a few even refusing to enter the boats. Most had to be coaxed by their husbands, who led them quietly over to the boats and helped them in. There were a few honeymooning couples aboard and they took it as gracefully as the others, embracing before the wives were passed into the boats. There were shouts from left-behind husbands of, "I'll catch a later boat, dear." One male passenger helped his mother and sister into a boat, then gallantly stepped back. Bravery and gallantry were commonplace virtues up there on the boat deck that terrible night. Some wives had to be dragged from their husbands and carried into the boats. Others had to be restrained from climbing out and rejoining their husbands. As if to announce that the end was near, the band played "Autumn Leaves," a lovely old Church of England hymn.

AMONG those who refused to go was Mrs. Isidor Straus, wife of a millionaire merchant. Clinging to her husband, she said, "I've always gone with you, so why should I leave you now?"

In vain did her husband plead with her to get away in one of the few boats still to be lowered. "We've been married for too many years, dear," she replied. "Where you go, I go."

One man, a very close family

friend, spoke to an officer who was standing nearby. "Surely, sir, you wouldn't have any objections to an old gentleman boarding one of the boats with his wife?"

Mr. Straus spoke up before the officer could reply. "I will not enter a boat before other men. I will stay right here."

Which settled the matter, both Strauses electing to die together.

Another woman who elected to stay with her husband was Mrs. Hudson J. Allison of Montreal, and she had a small daughter with her. Detaching herself from the other women, taking her child with her, she clung to her husband, who pleaded with her to enter a boat with their daughter.

"We stay together," she insisted. "All three of us."

Stay together they did, going down with the ship.

Women of the Second and Third Class proved themselves no less brave than their opposite numbers of the First Class when it came their turn to enter the boats. There were cases of single women and childless married women insisting that women with children board the boats ahead of them.

The last boat was lowered at 2:05, by which time *Titanic's* bows were well down in the water. From out of the dark night, up there on the boat deck, those in the boats could hear the band playing on.

Captain Smith walked out on the boat deck to have a few last words with his officers and men. "You've all done your duty, boys. Thank you very much. And now," he concluded,

"it's every man for himself."

Those in the boats could not keep their eyes off *Titanic* as she dipped lower and lower into the sea. Women shouted messages of farewell to their left-behind husbands, and the latter shouted back encouragements. At 2:18, the lights went out all over the ship, indicating that the water had at last reached the fire room and engine room spaces. The end came at 2:20, as *Titanic* disappeared.

Carpathia, first of the rescue ships arrived on the scene at 4:00 — 1 hour and 40 minutes later. Dodging small icebergs and slicing through thin ice fields, *Carpathia* picked up 675 survivors. Willing hands aboard administered to *Titanic*'s people, serving them such warming stimulants as cocoa, tea, coffee, brandy, and whiskey. *Carpathia* landed her survivors in New York three days later, on April 18.

Somewhere between 1,490 and 1,635 lives were lost that terrible night, the various boards of inquiry not being able to agree on an exact figure. It was the greatest peacetime disaster in the history of the sea.

To guard against a repetition of the *Titanic* tragedy, the great maritime nations of the world got together and established a watch over the region, calling it the International Ice Patrol. For the remainder of the ice season of 1912, two U. S. Navy cruisers were assigned to this humanitarian duty. In 1913, International Ice Patrol became a function of the U. S. Coast Guard, which Service has carried on to this day, first with cutters and now with planes based on Newfoundland. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings Hopes of Modern Man January

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Habakkuk	2:1-4

Hope for Security and Justice

2 Sunday	Job	5:8-16
3	Job	11:7-20
4	Psalm	61:1-8
5	Psalm	94:16-23
6	Psalm	146:1-10
7	Isaiah	11:1-9
8	Ezekiel	18:1-9

Hope for Freedom

9 Sunday	John	8:28-36
10	Romans	8:1-10
11	Romans	8:14-21
12	1 Corinthians	9:1-17
13	1 Corinthians	9:19-27
14	2 Corinthians	3:12-18
15	Galatians	5:1-13

Hope for Deliverance from Fear

16 Sunday	Psalm	3:1-8
17	Psalm	71:1-12
18	Psalm	91:1-16
19	Matthew	10:16-23
20	Matthew	10:24-31
21	Mark	6:47-52
22	1 John	4:17-21

Hope for Fulfillment

23 Sunday	Psalm	8:1-9
24	Psalm	62:1-8
25	Psalm	121:1-8
26	Proverbs	13:12-15
27	Matthew	7:7-14
28	Matthew	10:37-42
29	Romans	13:7-14

Hope for Wisdom

30 Sunday	2 Chronicles	6:14-21
31	Proverbs	3:13-20

Sing Ye a Glad Song

By David Curtis

Many congregations still sing the hymns of this poet

SOMEWHERE this Sunday wherever English is spoken, a congregation will rise to sing the familiar words of the famous hymn, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," and some of the members will recognize its inspiration from the Seventy-second Psalm echoing the words of King David: "He . . . shall break in pieces the oppressor," which is expressed in the hymn:

He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

Almost no hymnal omits the selection, and almost every church at some time in the year schedules it into the service. A few interested worshipers will notice its author, although more than a century after his death, the name James Montgomery has little more than a vaguely familiar ring in the hymnal, as the author of ten or fifteen well-known hymns for every denomination.

Who was this man whose verses are sung throughout the world every Sunday? Once a famous poet, his works were widely read; in

fact, a critic during his lifetime wrote of him: “. . . his reputation has a compass and solidity which forbid any thought of decay.” Perhaps this comment on James Montgomery is still true, if it were meant that a few perceptive Christians passingly notice his name fifty-two times a year. Certainly, the name James Montgomery can never be separated from such beloved texts as “Angels from the Realms of Glory, Wing your flights o’er all the earth”; “O Spirit of the Living God, In all thy plenitude of grace”; or the gentle hymn, “In the Hour of Trial Jesus plead for me”; and “According to Thy Gracious Word in meek humility”; among the more familiar. And, although the reputation of James Montgomery actually does rest on his collected hymns, this was far from true during his lifetime.

James Montgomery was always essentially a religious poet. At the same time, he was strongly moved by a reforming spirit that expressed itself vigorously in political ideas. The son of a Moravian clergyman, the poet was born in Scotland in 1771. His early education was directed toward the ministry, but instead of accepting a call to the pulpit he chose to enter journalism and, at the age of twenty-one, bought a newspaper which he edited and published in Sheffield, England. He was arrested early in his career for expressing political opinions sympathetic to the republican cause in France at the time of the French Revolution. He was sentenced to three months in prison but, shortly after his release, he was arrested a second time, once more on political grounds. This time, James Montgomery spent a year and six months behind bars. During his second prison term he began to write poetry, mostly as he explained, so that “I might forget that my sorrows were real.”

He entitled his first poetic work ironically, “Prison Amusements,” and although the poetry is trite and frequently immature, it has some flashes of wit. His description of York Prison is expressed as a place:

Where highwaymen and robbers stout
Would rather than break in, break out.

Elsewhere, he reveals an independent spirit in the curious lines:

Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I’m fast asleep.

In 1803, James Montgomery wrote “The Wanderer from Switzerland,” which went through several successful editions. It is a narrative poem in the form of a closet drama concerning the subjugation of Switzerland by France, told in two voices — one, a Swiss exile who seeks freedom in America, and the other, a shepherd who aids the

"Wanderer" and hears his tragic tale of lost liberty.

James Montgomery's greatest single literary success, however, was another long poem, "The World Before the Flood," published in 1812. An allegorical poem in ten cantos, it finds its inspiration in the prophecies of Isaiah. When it appeared, it was likened and favorably compared to Milton's allegories, a judgment not fully justified. Although it is ponderous and frequently stilted, it has many fine moments, particularly in an oblique reference to the Resurrection:

Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost forever in the wound;
The Grave, that holds his corpse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious to the skies.
He lives: ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way and let the King of Glory pass; —
He lives: ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.

Several other longer works include "Greenland," a descriptive poem about missionary efforts among the Eskimos. The subject is particularly suited to James Montgomery's interests and talent and, as a poem it most likely inspired his friend, Reginald Heber, to write his famous "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Other of Montgomery's major works include "The Pelican Island," an extensive poem in praise of nature which also sings the joys of solitude, as well as "The West Indies," a commemorative poem that celebrates the abolition of slavery and slave trading in the British Empire:

Loud the voice of freedom spoke;
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

An interesting project that developed in a lifetime's effort is found in the collected Psalms that the poet rendered into English verses under the title "Song of Zion — Imitations of the Psalms." The best known of these is "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," yet it is only one of seventy others. We find in them the culminating success of his life's work. They are poetically well conceived and consistently interesting. As might be true of any work based on existing poetry, the new rendition must justify itself with some originality and style. When we compare one of the Psalms of David with its counterpart by James Montgomery, we can rightly judge the merits of the latter on aesthetic terms. Let us look at a portion of Psalm 95 (Verses 1 through 4) from the King James version:

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a
joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God, and a great King
above all gods!
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
the strength of the hills are his also.

And, the first stanza of James Montgomery's rendition:

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise with one spirit, one voice!
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on His throne;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are His own.

James Montgomery died at the age of eighty-three in 1854. The American Civil War was still in the future, and yet, he had the prophetic courage to declare:

. . . Justice, league'd with Mercy from above
Shall reign in all the liberty of love.

He knew then that there would be a time of freedom for everyone, a time to which he pointed with the words:

Friends of the outcast — view the accomplished plan,
The Negro towering to the height of man.

At one point, he asked a rhetorical question in order to provide the answer he so sincerely felt:

Is beauty bound to color, shape, or air?
No, God created all his offspring fair.

A contemporary ring is found in such poetry as this, mainly because the struggle for freedom is never fully achieved; in fact, it is often a matter of changing aspect. James Montgomery knew the demanding cost of freedom, as he knew the high value of liberty. He had learned their preciousness in prison, and he seems never to have forgotten his lesson. Late in his life, he wrote:

My Lord, my God; Look down on me;
My low affections raise,
The spirit of liberty impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
And while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work and make it thine.

It would be well if the congregations that will rise this Sunday to sing one of James Montgomery's hymns could know that the poet, like the hymns he wrote, exemplified righteousness, the cause of liberty, justice, and the love of God. Essentially, these remain the chief points of emphasis in his poetry as they were in his life. ■ ■

Parishioner

She sits up front in church
Nodding
But wakes and stands
When it's time to sing.

Her hat is a faded pink,
Her dress, the same and old
Like she is, "Poor thing,"
Some say in poorer sympathy.

She's there all alone
But she's there—
Cold days and hot
And no one's to care
How she got
There.

Oh, her faith is strong
And her joy is fair
And on the upper stair of prayer,
Behold!
Faded pink has changed
To cloth-of-gold.

—Juliet B. Pickett

Exploring the Underworld

By W. J. Smart

Helping the "Down-and-Outs"

THERE WAS nothing spectacular about my first excursion into London's underworld. It began with the suggestion of a "down-and-out" — Bill Bently — who said I ought to spend a night out with him to see the misery and wretchedness of the homeless poor. When I expressed my willingness to do so, he made one stipulation: that I should not speak a word to anyone all night, for if they suspect that you are not one of them, it might have ugly consequences for both of us.

We met at midnight at Charing Cross. It was a bitterly cold night in dead of winter, and raining. He took me down Villiers Street, along the Victoria Embankment, crossing the Thames River at Westminster Bridge to go along the Albert Embankment on the south side, back to Trafalgar Square, down The Mall, around Birdcage Walk, up Constitution Hill and many other places, and everywhere we went we saw men sleeping out, and also a few women.

The women looked about forty to sixty years of age; the men were all ages, some hardly out of their teens

and obviously green to the ways of the underworld. The old hands had wrapped discarded newspapers around their legs like puttees, and more newspapers around their bodies to keep out the wet and cold. Wherever there was a bench to sit upon these men filled it, looking ludicrously like long paper parcels propped up on end — one against another. But for the most part they lay on the ground, on sidewalks out of reach of traffic and in doorways.

On a small lawn just inside Admiralty Arch nearly a hundred men were lying on the grass, some huddled together giving the scene the appearance of a battleground littered with the dead.

When the rain developed into a deluge, Bill ran for shelter and I followed him along the Strand, down Craven Street to The Arches.

Craven Street Arches — where a popular song is said to have originated — is a tunnel-like subterranean passageway running underneath Charing Cross railway station. The sight that met us there appalled me beyond anything I had seen so far.

Conditions underneath The Arches were indescribably dirty and obnoxious. Men slept side by side on the stone pavement from one end of the tunnel to the other. The air was thick, and the place smelled like a sewer. Two or three electric bulbs in the roof threw a miserable, grotesque light upon the worst spectacle of human degradation I had ever seen. We remained in the filthiness and stench for about four hours.

And yet in that dreadful place, I saw something which aroused my undying admiration. While I lolled against the wall, pretending to be what I wasn't, two young men got up from the ground, slapped their frozen arms across their chests, paced up and down to generate a little warmth, and as they passed me I overheard this conversation:

"Cold tonight, mate," said one.

"Yes, 'tis," replied the other.

"Are you hungry?" asked the first.

"Yes, I am," the second answered.

"I've got some bread in my pocket," said the first. "I picked it up from a windowledge, put out, I suppose, for birds or the likes of us. Would you like to have it?" he asked, pulling it out of his pocket.

The other man looked at it for a moment in silence, hesitating to take it, and then said, "Are you sure you don't want it yourself?"

The gift was pushed into his hand and he ate it ravenously.

To see such a deed of practical sympathy and sharing in such a place at such a time did a lot for my faith in human nature that night. It would have been easy for me to turn

away from The Arches in horror and disgust, but that shining example of charity changed the course of my life. If men could share at that economic level, why not at all levels?

AS SOON AS the light of early dawn showed itself at the end of the tunnel, some of the men got up from the ground, took off their paper wrappings, brushed down their clothes with their hands, straightened themselves up and went out to the new day. Bill gave me a nudge and jerked his head to indicate that we, too, must now be going.

When we got away from The Arches, and I was released from my vow of silence, I asked Bill where those young men were going so early in the morning.

"To look for work," he said.

"What work?" I asked for this was during the years of mass unemployment.

"Anything," he said, "selling newspapers, washing dishes in hotels or cafes, carrying mortarboards or passenger luggage at the railway station — anything where they might pick up a bit of food or earn the money to buy it."

Bill and I parted where we had met the night before. He, too, was going off now to look for work.

A firm resolve was burning in my heart as I sat at my desk that morning. I still felt stupefied and aghast at the things I had seen the night before. I was sure that a lot of them could be abolished if enough people of the right sort got to know about it. I was already writing for certain newspapers and periodicals. The

editors very kindly allowed me, indeed encouraged me, to use their columns to give the matter publicity. Goaded by the exposure, the London County Council set up a commission of inquiry to examine the allegations. Within six months they had made what was said to be the biggest reform in the long history of the London Poor Law administration whereby more provision was made for the homeless. After that reform was implemented, I spent a night out, revisiting the haunts of the homeless I had first seen in the company of Bill Bently, and I did not find one person sleeping out.

MY NEXT adventure in this field is best described as an experiment in personal friendship, although at the time many people called it the "Oxford Group of Down-and-Outs."

By this time I was in touch with hundreds of destitute men all over London. No one had asked me to do this, and no one paid me to do it. I did it because God turned my heart that way by what I saw underneath The Arches on my first night out. Almost every week I spent one night out among the homeless and using my discretion about the contacts I made. But my activities were becoming too widespread, too diffused, and I saw the need to focus my time and energy on a small group of men and stand by them until they were lifted out of their economic plight.

It began in a very simple way. I invited twelve men to spend one day a week with me from about twelve noon. I promised that I would

provide a midday dinner, and a supper at night with a bed for every man. The afternoon would be spent in informal discussion.

The reason for the meals and beds was obvious; the reason for the discussion was less obvious, but equally important. My sole reason for the discussion was to wake up their dormant intellect and stimulate self-expression. At first, I introduced the subject for discussion as provocatively as I could, but when, after the first week or two, some of them alluded to Christian experience, I cautiously said that I would be very interested and honored to hear what Christ meant to them in their present condition.

The result staggered me beyond all anticipation. I had never before heard men at their level of abject poverty talk about Christ. If space permitted, it would thrill me to recall some of the things they said. Although I could hardly believe my own ears, every word they spoke rang true.

Not all the men on the Thames Embankment were like these, as I had good reason to know, but what God was saying to me through these men came with the force of a new revelation of the illimitableness of Divine Grace and, what one man called "the ecstasy of Christ's Presence." Millions of people can talk glowingly about their experience of the Living Christ when they are enjoying domestic comfort and social prosperity, but these men knew the Presence of Christ in the depths of adversity, hunger, and ostracism.

I had started the group to give

personal friendship, but now I felt that I was the one who was really on the receiving end, and I felt greatly honored and enriched by the way these "down-and-outs" accepted me and shared their experience of Christ with me.

Meanwhile, the social reformers were still bewildered by the problems of the homeless poor. There were still about fourteen thousand homeless persons in London every night. True, they did not now sleep out. All found shelter for the night, but something very much more than a bed for the night was needed.

When men have been reduced to the dregs of poverty and have had to live in rags and made to feel that they were despised and rejected in their native land what is needed is a massive policy of rehabilitation. They need a temporary home, regular meals, a measure of social security, time to readjust their mental and emotional attitudes. They need to rebuild their personalities, social confidence, and a chance to regain social respectability.

GOD now called me to make another experiment — an experiment in rehabilitating destitute men. I was able to obtain the full use of a church and Sunday school premises and convert them into a hotel for men needing rehabilitation.

I knew that this experiment would require a lot of money to maintain and provide all the facilities which I had envisaged. And it is literally true that I had not a cent toward it.

But God said, "You make the venture and I'll supply your needs."

And God did.

The exhilaration of that experiment, and the wonderful way in which God worked, the hilarity of God's glad surprises, the remarkable "coincidences" and the abiding fruits of the venture in terms of lives rebuilt and dedicated to Christ, these and a thousand other things are unforgettable.

When the experiment had gone far beyond its experimental stages, certain civic leaders in London pronounced that it should be given social recognition in the form of a special public meeting and congratulatory messages. The "platform" included the mayor, official representatives and dignitaries of the London Council, and a man named Albert Freeman.

I had first known Albert Freeman as a destitute man on the Thames Embankment. He was then in rags, in a very low state of physical and mental health, illusive, and a little enigmatic, but I recognized his worth and invited him to help me form The Group.

By a series of "remarkable coincidences," he was lifted out of destitution and was now completely recovered. As I looked at him on the platform, neatly dressed, well-set-up in body and personality, addressing a capacity audience and appealing for those he called "my brothers of the Thames Embankment," I thanked God for what he had wrought and was satisfied. ■ ■

... Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—RUSKIN

The Glass Menagerie

By Harry W. Carroll

Laughlin opens a coffeehouse

YOU'VE gotta be kidding" was one of the milder reactions heard when it was announced that a coffeehouse was to be opened at Laughlin Air Force Base. But to Catholic Chaplain, Captain, Philip Halstead, and an enthusiastic group of young airmen, remarks such as this only served to make them all the more determined that such a "retreat" would become a reality.

"We knew that for our project to be successful we would have to overcome a lot of ideas, resentments, and military traditions which had come into being over the years," Chaplain Halstead said.

"To be accepted by the people we wanted to reach we had to make the coffeehouse a place where they

would feel free to express themselves; a place in which they could identify with their civilian contemporaries; and one where they had an opportunity for good recreation and entertainment in a more-or-less uncensored environment.

"The obvious answer was the coffeehouse which has become to the now generation what the discotheque was to an earlier group a few years back," he continued.

"It had to be authentic in every possible detail; and we didn't have a set of Air Force regulations to help us," the chaplain added. "All we had was an idea — the blessing of our wing commander, Colonel Guy E. Hairston, Jr. — and the assorted talents of our little group of volun-



Popular trio—Royal, Kussman and Tuck—perform at The Glass Menagerie, popular meeting-place for young airmen and their friends.

teers.

"We cleared our first hurdle when we were given a room in the base service club. More needed help came in the form of a grant from Central Welfare Fund, and another from the Chaplain's Fund. Now, it fell upon us to see the project through to its conclusion. This day came when on Tuesday, May 4, the Glass Menagerie opened its doors and put on the first of a continuing series of programs and entertainment."

Authentic? Right down to the black lights and black light posters. No "establishment" chairs and tables here, no hint of Air Force in either uniforms or room decor. Even the name, The Glass Menagerie, seemed to add to the "way out" effect the group had striven to achieve. The name, incidentally, was selected by means of a base-wide contest.

Chaplain Halstead, obviously proud of his creation, urged us inside. The Menagerie has its own

private outside entryway, and to step inside is to come into a world so entirely foreign from that normally associated with the military as to seem almost unreal.

The walls and ceilings are jet black, as are the windows and doors. The subdued black light dimly outlines the figures seated on psychedelic-covered cushions scattered about the floor. The discussion seems to be centered on hunger, poverty, and helping people. This was also the topic of a film which the group had just viewed. No one led the discussion — it rambled on without apparent guidance from the chaplain who by this time had taken an inconspicuous place in the background.

About 30 or 35 young people of both sexes were there and most took part from time to time in the informal discussion. Some just listened, but all seemed to have a sincere interest in what was going on.

From time to time individuals or small groups got up and left and were replaced by others arriving. Weekly attendance ranges about 50 persons the chaplain explained, but they are not always the same ones. "Over a period of a month we will see about 150 different people."

The coffeehouse is open each Tuesday from 8 until 11 P.M., and Chaplain Halstead is always there. "It's not that I must be there to supervise or to oversee their activities in any way," he said. "They expect me to be there — they want me there — and I won't disappoint them.

"We started this thing together, and as long as Menagerie patrons

want it this way, this is how it will be."

The "we" the chaplain refers to is a loosely-knit group who plan programs and take care of a few necessary chores in connection with the facility. Currently they are Airmen Jim Harris and Todd Morris, both assigned to the Chaplain section, A1C Al Royal, Sergeant Wendell Williams, and 2LT Jim Hugerich. In the short time since its opening the "council" has almost completely turned over its personnel makeup.

There is no set of published rules and regulations and the only restrictions are those imposed by the members themselves. Its unwritten law is that there will be no uniforms and no alcoholic beverages and, according to Chaplain Halstead, neither of these taboos has ever been violated.

The Glass Menagerie caters to the young people of the base and their guests, and they are getting more and more young married couples coming to the weekly productions. The chaplain looks at this as encouraging. "The Glass Menagerie is their kind of place, established for them, and the more in this particular group we can get to take part, the more we feel that we are keeping the lines of communication open to this oft times neglected segment of our personnel," he said.

Chaplain Halstead has been a leader in youth work since coming to Laughlin in December, 1969. His last assignment before coming here was Ching Chuan Kang Roc AFB, Taiwan. Here also he took an in-

tense interest in young people, and in fact was instrumental in establishing a facility very similar to Laughlin's Glass Menagerie.

Chaplain Halstead has recently been named as the Air Training Command nominee for the Charles I. Carpenter Award. This honor is given each year to the chaplain who has contributed the most to furthering the objectives of the Chaplain Corps.

The Glass Menagerie is subsidized financially by monthly grants from both the Base Central Welfare Fund and the Chaplain Fund. Their money needs are not great but they do require some help to carry on their programs. Usually snacks of some kind are served, and they must occasionally pay for rental of films.

The weekly presentations have been varied since the opening in early May. Topics range from discussions of race problems to Laurel and Hardy old-time movies. The opening night bill featured a popular young singing group, Royal, Kussman and Tuck, and from there the Glass Menagerie was off and running.

For nearly six months now it has been the medium by which the young airmen of Laughlin and their guests could spend some of their off-duty time in an atmosphere where they can listen to *their* music; hear *their* talk; and express *their* ideas.

Chaplain Halstead is pleased with the past accomplishments and enthusiastic about the future of the Glass Menagerie. "It has definitely filled an area in which there formerly was a void. It has given the young



Chaplain, CPT, Philip E. Halstead,
sponsor of the coffeehouse at Laughlin
AFB.

people of this base a platform for the expression of their feelings and ideas. In the words of the youth today, it gives them a place and a chance to 'rap' out their problems and do their thing." ■ ■

(Ed. Note: THE LINK has learned that Chaplain Halstead has been named the winner of the Charles I. Carpenter Award for 1971. We congratulate him and are happy that we can pass the good news along.)

Of Strings and Things

By Lottie May Brown

WHEN I was a little girl, I learned to play a song called "Two Guitars." As far as I was concerned, it was just a piano assignment. Nothing more. I am sure that is exactly what it sounded like — an assignment, dutifully done with about as much expression as the Hup - 2 - 3 - 4 of recruits drilling on a parade field. Now that I'm older, I feel the beat. Maybe I feel it because we have two guitars at our house, and often they are both going at once.

Five years ago Debby's father taught her to play her first fumbling chords. Now, her fingers fly across the strings. She and her father learn each other's songs and play together. The language of music has bridged

a generation gap. He likes "The Sounds of Silence," and she thinks "This Old House" has a cool beat.

All year I have been wondering what parents say when their children go away to college. If the language of music has enhanced communication during our daughter's developing years, maybe it can continue to speak to her as she moves into this strange new world. When Debby boards the plane, it will be too late for words of wisdom. Yet, I want to give her something to hold onto when the walls seem to close in. Maybe I can put it in musical terms, since music has become so important in her life.

1. Keep your instrument in tune.

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Many times I have pounded out notes on the piano while you adjusted each string of your guitar until all were in harmony with each other. It took longer after you got the 12-string, because there were more adjustments to make. Then, when you and Dad played together your instruments had to be tuned to each other as well as to the piano. That took longer still. But the result was worth the effort. The music was so mellow. The harmony was so pleasant to hear.

Life is like that. If your life gets out of tune it isn't worth much to you or anyone else. Just as you get your guitar in tune with the piano,

But I'm not worried about your performance. I have three "blue-ribbon" memories that assure me your heart is in tune.

First is the motto you chose to caption your senior picture in the annual: "What's worth having is worth waiting for."

Second is the day you laughed when the doctor who gave you your college physical offered you birth control pills. He didn't exactly appreciate your reaction. He had been serious. Then you looked him straight in the eye and said: "I don't want them! I won't need them."

Third is the time you were tested

Author's Note: This article was intended to offer our daughter some tips about living when she left for college. Because she plays the guitar and loves music, I suggested seven comparisons between music and life. These are common-sense guides in a language which I hope she will remember.

you need to get your life in tune with Someone bigger and stronger than you are. That Someone is God. Think back to a song you used to sing:

Whisper a prayer in the morning,
Whisper a prayer at noon,
Whisper a prayer in the evening;
'Twill keep your heart in tune.

But when you've tuned your guitar to the piano, you have not finished tuning unless you are playing alone. We don't do many things alone these days, so we have to be tuned to other people. Just as it is harder to adjust twelve strings, so is it harder to adjust your heartstrings on a crowded college campus.

as the "new chaplain's kid" with the taunt "What do you think of God?" — and you answered without hesitation — "I think He's great!"

As your guitar jolts around in its case, it needs retuning every time you play it. As you jolt through Organic Chemistry, term papers, and the "I-want-to-go-home" blues, your life will need retuning. Whisper a prayer. That will help. Go to church. That will help, too. A live coal will soon go out lying on a cold hearth, but it will burn bright in the fireplace, giving off a warm glow.

2. Learn from the little piccolo. A symphony orchestra was rehearsing for a concert. One instrument was

the piccolo, a small flute that can produce a piercing sweetness in sound.

During rehearsal the player of the instrument quit playing, for the music of his piccolo seemed drowned completely in the tremendous sounds from larger instruments. Soon the conductor stopped the musicians and shouted "Where did the piccolo go?"

When you arrive alone on that college campus, you are going to feel as small as a piccolo. Just remember that small as it was it performed a function no other instrument could perform. It belonged. After the initial daze, you will belong. When I feel insignificant, I like to think of the little poem:

I am only one, but I am one.
I can't do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do, I should do,
And what I should do
By the grace of God I will do.

That first day will not be easy. But remember, you entered a big high school in a foreign country as a commuting nonentity in your senior year. Yet, on October 31 you were crowned Homecoming Queen. You must have something going for you.

If you must play the role of the piccolo and be overshadowed by the trumpets, play it with a smile. As you hold on to your memories of past moments of glory this is a good time to remember:

"To believe in God is to know that all the rules will be fair and that there will be wonderful surprises" (Italian playwright, Ugo Betti).

3. **Make the most of the accidentals.** When you first began playing your guitar you had to limit your efforts to major chords. Then you found that by adding a 7th, a diminished or an augmented chord your music became fuller and richer. I believe you call these accidentals.

Well, life is full of accidentals. We can let them get us down or we can make the most of them and find out our lives are fuller and richer. Remember what I wrote you when you had to leave home your sophomore year and enter a strange school twelve weeks late because we had no school? That experience was an "accidental" not written into the key signature of your life.

While I was missing you so terribly I wrote, "When one door closes in your face, look for another to open. It may lead to a still better way." When you wrote us that you had been chosen "Valentine Princess," we knew that you had made the most of the "accidentals."

A violin maker was asked, "Where do you get the wood you use in your violins?", for his music attracted people for miles. His answer was surprising.

"At the timberline."

"Those of us who knew the timberline," said the person relating the story, "had heard how the wind blows up there. We had seen branches of trees, tossed about like feathers and torn asunder with ice and sleet.

"Easy living did not put resonance into the wood that became the violin. Easy living has never put reso-

nance into life."

4. Watch out for discords. Remember how the piano twanged the night one of the strings broke loose? Everything we played was full of discords until we got it repaired. You wouldn't think one little note out of eighty-eight could cause so much trouble.

As long as there are people, discords will disrupt the harmony of life. Someone has discovered these words in Old St. Paul's Anglican Church in Baltimore dated 1692. It was once quoted by the late Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations.

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly, and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. . . .

Just as a discord can ruin a song, gossip and false accusation can ruin a life. Unless you have proof that cannot be denied, you won't change anyone's mind by arguing — and you may lose a friend. It isn't that important to be right. One of the songs you sing shows the futility of discord.

We laugh, we cry, we live, we die;
And when we're gone the world goes on.

We love, we hate; we learn too late
How small we are — how little we know.

5. Feel the beat. So many of today's songs have nonsensical lyrics or no lyrics at all. It is the beat, the rhythm, that attracts attention. Some beats we like so much we find ourselves humming and swaying to them over and over. Others grate on our nerves until we rush to tune them out. Without the beat there wouldn't be a song. We learn to identify certain artists with the type of music they play; for example, Louis Armstrong (in my generation) with his jazz trumpet, and Glen Campbell (in the "now" generation) with his country and folk guitar.

Just as you have to feel the beat to interpret a song, you have to feel the pulse-beat of the world you're living in to find your place in it. What kind of music will people identify with your life? Will it be the kind that will make others want to sing your song — with you? Will your beat be strong enough to be felt?

6. Observe the rests as well as the crescendos. An overworked musician was hospitalized, suffering from exhaustion. As he lay there day after day he became despondent. Trying to get through to him, his daughter said, "Dad, remember how effective you've always said the rests were to provide contrast in a song? Well, you've built up to a big crescendo. Now it's time to observe the rests."

Remember midterm when everything seemed to go wrong at once? We made a new dress for a party, and you didn't get a date. You studied too hard and slept too little; yet you failed a chemistry test. Icy

roads had delayed the unheated commuter bus more than two hours, and you were miserable. It was the first time all year I worried about your "beat." You were like a record, groaning to a slow stop after the cord has been unplugged.

It will often be that way in college. The pace of college life swells into a crescendo that leaves a student breathless. That's when it is time to observe the rests.

7. Evaluate the interpretation of others, but decide for yourself what the composer had in mind. Repeatedly, you have played one record until you have memorized the lyrics, the harmony and the instrumental interpretation of a particular group. Then you studied the same song, done by other groups. Your next step was to work out your own arrangement. Sometimes you copied a style you liked. Sometimes your comparisons helped you work out an interpretation all your own. That's good.

I think that's the way God would have us make music with our lives. He wants us to learn from others who have studied longer and had

more experience than we. But He wants us to evaluate what we have learned, and make our own interpretation.

Just as you have studied that manual of 4,400 guitar chords, study the Bible — the best manual ever written for living a harmonious life.

When you interpret music, try to learn what the composer had in mind. When you interpret life, try to learn what the Composer of the Universe had in mind.

A little boy was "murdering" a recital piece on the violin with screeches and squawks that grated on the nerves as well as the ears. When the child had finished, the composer, who was in the audience, walked up to the platform, gently took the violin from him and played the same song with clear, sweet tones. After he had finished, he laid down the instrument and said, "That was what I intended."

About 2,000 years ago when the world was screeching and squawking and creating discords, God sent us Jesus Christ to be the perfect example for us to follow. In effect, he was saying to us, "That was what I intended."

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Matthew 5:1-16

1. It has been said that to really understand people — and especially today's young people — one must listen carefully to their music. Can you illustrate this?
2. What are young people saying in their music today?
3. In the light of your answer to Question Two, how would you evaluate the advice which Mrs. Brown offers in this article?

Why Worship the Stars?

By Betty Banister

WERE you born under the sign of Gemini, Leo, Virgo, or Libra? Today nearly everyone knows the signs of the zodiac, but how many can remember the names of the twelve apostles? Astrology has become so popular that even Christians are accepting it, although they should be familiar enough with the Bible to know that it strongly disapproves astrology, mediumship, witchcraft, and other forms of occultism.

In our troubled world, surprising numbers of people are seeking reassurance or guidance from astrologers, fortune tellers, and psychics. "Forthcoming change, not necessarily calamitous, is often the force that raises an occult tide," says tolerant but skeptical Robert Somerlott in his book, *Here, Mr. Splitfoot* an informal exploration into modern occultism published by The Viking Press, Inc., 1971.

Everyone is interested in love, money, and health. We like to be told something good about ourselves, or to look forward to anything new and exciting. Perhaps some people would appreciate being warned of bad events in order to prepare for them or try to avoid them.

Gold From the Stars

The March, 1970, issue of *McCall's* magazine concentrated upon "The Occult Explosion." Nicholas Pileggi, in his article, "Occult," said that astrology is a booming \$200 million-a-year business. There are 10,000 professional astrologers in the United States, he said. Of 1,750 newspapers, 1,200 publish daily horoscopes. Special magazines appear every month on the newsstands, and many books are being published.

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One paperback contains horoscopes for *cats*.

That isn't all! More and more money is being poured into the hands of manufacturers of items with the signs of the zodiac, including jewelry, stationery, clothing, china, and rugs. One of the latest fads is astrology records.

For years movie stars have given money and publicity to astrologers. Now many businessmen consult astrologers before making important decisions — and astrologers' fees are fantastic! Ann Bayer, who wrote "Now It Can Be Foretold," (*Life Magazine*, September 26, 1969), visited eight well-known astrologers in New York. Linda Goodman, author of a best-seller called *Sun Signs*, receives \$200 and up for a verbal horoscope, \$500 and up for one that is written. Some charge more moderate fees of \$30 to \$50 for casting horoscopes. A computer programmed by Time Pattern Research Institute emits a 20-page horoscope in one minute for \$20, but has made errors. Once it printed two completely different forecasts for each of eleven days.

Dame Sybil Leek, the English "white witch," has appeared on numerous radio and television programs in this country trying to create a better reputation for both witchcraft and astrology. In addition to books on these subjects, she has written an astrology column for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In 1970 Prentice-Hall, Inc. published *Sybil Leek's Astrological Guide to Successful Everyday Living*.

Although Sybil Leek is not a Christian, you will find other astrologers who are trying to combine this pseudo-science with Christianity. Jeane Dixon, the Washington, D.C. seer, is said to be a devout Roman Catholic. She claims to receive special revelations from God. Nevertheless, she depends upon astrology for some of her predictions, and has a syndicated column of daily horoscopes. She also uses a crystal ball as a point of concentration for her telepathic impressions.

"Show Us a Sign!"

Since ancient times gullible people have asked astrologers to chart their futures and guide their destinies, because they believed that life is influenced by the movements of stars and planets.

Romance, career successes, good health, or accidents and adversities — all depend upon the positions of the planets, the sun, and the moon, astrologers insist, adding, "It is the wise man who rules his stars, and the fool who blindly obeys them," or "Rule your stars. Don't let your stars rule you!"

The origin of astrology is a mystery. Credit is given to the Chal-

deans for its beginning, and star-worship is known to have existed among the Babylonians in 3000 B.C. It was also accepted by the Egyptians, Chinese, Romans, and people of India.

The first astrologers were astronomers. They observed the wonders of the heavens and began to worship them. A great mathematician and astronomer, Johannes Kepler (1571-1630), began to cast horoscopes in order to make ends meet. He disliked his work. When higher wages made it unnecessary, he and other professors and scientists no longer wasted time in this way. Soon charlatans became involved.

According to astrologers, a person's talents and abilities are governed by the date, location, and time of birth. This alleged science promises to reveal your strengths and weaknesses, and help you live a happier, more useful life. It also claims to forecast future events. Like other prophecies, doom seems easier to predict than happiness.

How fascinating it is to read the characteristics and personality traits of each sign! But if you study them carefully, you will notice how general they are, how applicable they can be to anyone.

Accurate horoscopes seem to depend upon the intelligence and skill of the interpreter. Originally, astrological computations were based upon five planets. In his book, *Myths of the Space Age*, (Dodd, Mead & Company, copyright 1967), Daniel Cohen says that since the discovery of Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, modern astrologers simply add the three new planets into their systems, maintaining that these discoveries make their predictions more exact. Some stick with the first five, others merely add one or two. Accurate? Hardly!

John Godwin, author of the well-documented book, *This Baffling World*, (Hart Publishing Co., 1968), said that during the temporary absence of a horoscope columnist, he prepared some "bland" predictions without having any knowledge of the zodiac. As far as he could tell from his incoming mail, no one knew the difference. Mr. Godwin believes that, for accuracy, newspaper predictions depend "solely on the law of averages."

Do astrologers practice what they preach? Perhaps some do. In an interview that appeared in the *St. Petersburg Times*, St. Petersburg, Florida, on March 1, 1970, the famous Zolar, otherwise known as Bruce King, told Associated Press writer, Richard Blystone, that he is too busy with horoscopes for other people to check his own.

Is astrology harmful? Dr. Joyce Brothers, the well-known psychologist, says that astrology is harmful if a person allows it to rule his life. In an article called "What the Stars Really Say," (see *Good House-*

keeping magazine, April, 1969), she was courageous enough to write that she thinks this pseudo-science is "spinach."

An Avenue for Escape

If anyone believes that his destiny is fixed by the position of the stars at the moment of his birth, he may become fatalistic and lazy. Many develop an obsession to horoscopes, refusing to face reality, make their own decisions, and accept responsibility. If your mate is unfaithful or hard to live with, you can say, "That's a Scorpio play-boy for you!" or "She has a Taurus disposition." If your marriage fails, why blame yourself or try to change when it's obvious that your signs are not compatible?

Most people who go so far as to consult an astrologer are ready to trust in their horoscopes. Self-suggestion contributes to its fulfillment, which leads to seeking a more comprehensive horoscope, and so on to horoscope-subjection, as well as financial exploitation. Of course, those who dabble in astrology just for fun or because of curiosity are not apt to become obsessed.

Dr. Kurt E. Koch, a noted German theologian and Lutheran minister, became very concerned about the increasing number of people who are psychically vexed or ailing because of involvement in occultism, which includes astrology, numerology, palmistry, spiritualism, card-laying, black and white magic, lay-hypnosis, ESP, etc. His study of a series of cases is covered in his book, *Christian Counseling and Occultism*, published by Kregel Publications, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1965.

Dr. Koch points out that if 500 astrologers make separate predictions, ten of them, due to chance, may foretell an important event. When this is given wide publicity, the 490 mistakes are overlooked. Astrology, he admits, is "not all swindle and superstition," but it is a social evil because of the "financial exploitation of the gullible."

Obviously, astrology is a threat to the spiritual life. Time wasted on occultism could be used more wisely in studying the Bible, meditating, praying, visiting the sick, and other worthwhile activities.

What does the Bible say?

"No Sorcerers in Heaven!"

God's judgment upon Babylon and Chaldea is described in Isaiah 47. Note especially verses 13 and 14, KJV: "Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee

from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it."

Deuteronomy 18:10-15 (King James Version) "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch.

"Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.

"For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

"Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God.

"For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do.

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken. . . ."

In the second chapter of Daniel, astrologers failed to tell King Nebuchadnezzar his dream and interpret it. The secret was revealed to Daniel in a night vision, and he praised God. Astrologers may fail. Those who receive God's help succeed!

Revelations 21:8 and Revelations 22:15 show that God disapproves of occultism. There will be no "sorcerers" in heaven.

Why consult the stars about your future when you can talk with the One who created heaven and earth and all that is in them? Astrology may be a popular, two-hundred-million-dollar business, but Christians should not be gullible. Those who accept Jesus Christ as personal Savior will be guided and comforted by the Holy Spirit. God wants us to trust him, not the stars.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: 1 Samuel 28:1-25 (NEB, especially!) Daniel 5

1. Do you think that people enjoy gullibility?
2. Does astrology have any cutting edge? Does it make any rigorous demands?
3. What about fate and destiny? Predestination has been prominent in Christian thought. Does God really "program" our lives?

The Debtor

By Wayne C. Lee

A story of conflict on the range

MARTIN HINZE saw the rider coming down the creek bank and he retreated from his new barn to the house. The rider was too far away to identify but Martin suspected that it was Leon Brickley.

"Maybe it isn't him," Beth said standing right behind him.

Martin glanced at his wife. "Brickley said he was giving us just three days to get out of here. That was four days ago."

Martin looked at the barn and little corral he had just finished building. The sod house behind him was only one summer old. It had been the first building he had put up after filing on this homestead.

"Surely Leon Brickley can't be as bad as he acts," Beth said. "Remember how he pulled us out of the river last spring?"

Martin nodded, his eyes still on

the approaching rider. He'd never forget how near he and Beth had come to drowning last spring when they had tried to cross this river in flood stage. His wagon had upset and if it hadn't been for Leon Brickley and two of his cowboys pulling Beth and him out of the river with ropes neither one of them would be here now.

"He didn't know then that we were going to homestead on land he claimed for his Boxed B ranch," Martin said.

"We still owe him our lives," Beth said.

Martin nodded, his lips pressed into a thin line. "I know. And we pay our debts. But that doesn't mean we have to give him our home."

The rider came closer and Martin felt the tension drain out of him as he recognized Bud Jaster, a neighbor



from up the river.

Jaster reined up his horse in the yard, his eyes sweeping the sky to the northwest.

"Looks like we could have some weather," he said.

Martin looked at the hazy sky. "We're new to this country. Is this the way it looks before a storm?"

"Yep," Jaster said, swinging down from the saddle. "Of course, it may not storm. Was just by Brickley's. They don't think it is going to storm. Too early in the fall."

"I thought it was Brickley coming," Martin admitted. "Did he say anything about me when you were there?"

"Matter of fact he did," Jaster said uneasily. "Brickley seems set on getting you off this particular piece of land. It's good meadow land and, until this year, he has always put up the hay here for winter use."

"He doesn't own this land," Martin said. "I do."

Jaster nodded. "Can't blame you for staying here, either. I'm just glad I settled on land that Brickley doesn't want."

"Brickley will just have to pull in his horns," Martin said. "The days of free range are over."

"Brickley knows that. He just bought five of the fattest, sleekest Hereford bulls you ever saw. They told me in town that he went in debt up to his eyes to buy those bulls. Plans to cut down on quantity and build up on quality."

"That makes sense," Martin said. "Maybe he'll let me alone then."

Jaster shook his head. "He wants this hay meadow and I reckon he's

going to get it or there'll be some bad trouble. Well, I've got to be moseying on." He swung back into the saddle and reined his horse into the road.

Martin watched him go then turned to his wife. "Bud Jaster must have been a messenger for Brickley. Brickley knew that I'd listen to him."

"We're not going to leave, are we, Martin?"

Martin clenched his fists. "This is our home. We're staying right here."

He knew he was talking braver than he really was. What would he do if Brickley tried to force him off? Brickley might burn the barn or the haystacks Martin had put up off the meadow this summer for his three cows and two horses. He might even get rough with Beth. Martin knew that would do it. He'd never let him touch Beth.

THE STORM struck with a suddenness that shocked Martin. It seemed to him that the haze had simply thickened to a heavy overcast. Then suddenly the wind switched to the northwest and the snow swept in like a curtain. In a matter of ten minutes, it was a blizzard.

Martin had seen blizzards before but nothing to top this one. He hurried to the barn when the first wet snowflakes appeared and ran his three cows inside and shut the door. The horses were already in their stalls. He made sure the animals had feed then he returned to the house. Already the snow was thick in the air. There was one good thing about this storm — Brickley couldn't give

Martin any trouble until it was over.

It was late afternoon, perhaps three hours after the snow had swept in, that Martin heard the cattle bawling above the roar in the wind down along the river bank. He decided that some of Brickley's cattle had drifted with the storm and had been stopped by the river. There they stood and bawled their discomfort.

Martin tried to see through the curtain of snow but couldn't penetrate it to the river even though it was only a couple of hundred yards away.

"They're used to storms," Martin said when he became aware of Beth leaning against him, trying to see through the window, too.

"If the storm gets any worse, they may push each other into the river," Beth said.

"It's Brickley's cattle," Martin said "We don't owe . . ." he stopped suddenly.

"We do owe Brickley something, don't we?" Beth said softly.

"I don't like to be beholden to anybody," Martin said.

He reached for his coat. Maybe he could make sure the cattle got across the river all right then they could drift with the storm until they found shelter. They'd be all right.

Martin stepped outside. The combination of wind, wet sticky snow, and the sudden drop in temperature made it seem like 40 degrees below zero.

He fought his way to the barn. From there, he could hear the cattle's bawling stronger than ever. They weren't far away. Martin couldn't do

anything on foot so he saddled one of his horses and rode down to the river.

Instead of a big bunch of cattle, he found only five. They were plastered white with the wet snow but those round fat bodies and short legs told him that these were the five prize Hereford bulls Brickley had bought.

Martin stared at them. If these were native cattle, they'd survive this storm with nothing worse than some loss of weight. But these pampered bulls would never make it. Brickley should have shut them up in his barn.

Then a new thought struck him. Jaster had said that Brickley had gone deep into debt to buy these bulls. If they died in this storm, Brickley might go broke. Martin knew that registered Hereford bulls were very high-priced. Nobody could blame Martin if the bulls bogged down in the river and drowned or just hunched up against the storm and froze to death. It was madness to be out in such weather.

Martin fought the temptation to turn his horse back to the barn. It would be the easiest way out for him and he'd likely have no more trouble with Brickley. But it wasn't right. Even if he didn't owe Brickley a debt, it wouldn't be right. Besides, he prided himself on paying his debts.

The bulls weren't hard to drive into the barn. They were used to being handled. It was crowded in the little barn but Martin found room to put a panel partition between the bulls and his own stock.

THE STORM lasted all night and most of the next day. Leon Brickley and three of his men rode down along the river before the storm had completely blown itself out. Martin was in the barn feeding the cattle and horses. He stepped outside when he heard the riders at the door.

"Seen anything of five Hereford bulls?" Brickley asked.

Martin nodded. "In here," he said, jerking a thumb at the barn.

Brickley swung down and went inside where the bulls were crowded together, contentedly munching the hay Martin had fed them.

"I was afraid they'd die in this storm," Brickley said, coming out of the barn. "What do I owe you?"

"Nothing," Martin said. "I owe you a debt. And I pay my debts. I figure we're even now."

The wind was dying and the snow had stopped. Brickley and his men took the bulls out of the barn and

drove them home. Martin watched them go, thinking that he and Brickley were even now but that hadn't really changed anything. Brickley still wanted this hay meadow.

When Brickley rode back to Martin's place two days later, Martin expected an ultimatum with a new deadline for getting off the place.

"I've been thinking," Brickley said as he dismounted. "We're a lot alike. Neither one of us likes to owe a debt. You kept me from financial ruin when you saved my bulls from this blizzard. Promising you that I won't make any more claims on this meadow isn't much in the way of payment for my debt but maybe it will help."

Relief swept over Martin. "It pays it in full," he said, grinning.

He held out his hand and Brickley gripped it. Martin felt that he had paid his debt in full and had been very well paid in return. ■ ■

MR. WONG POINTS A FINGER

(Continued from page 17)

her face and sank sobbing into the chair.

Mei Wong and Inspector Bannerjee exchanged understanding glances in the shocked silence broken only by her sobbing. Then the old art dealer found himself staring in fascination at the vivid red fingernails that had instantly caught his attention and suggested who had been the murderer. ■ ■

A single girl came into her office and began passing out cigars and candy with blue ribbons. "What's the occasion?" someone asked.

She proudly lifted her hand to display the sparkling diamond. "It's a boy — six four and 190 pounds."

—JAMES HEFLEY, *Sourcebook of Humor* (Zondervan).

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 33, 35, 61, U.S. Air Force; page 60, World Council of Churches/Margaret Murray; page 61, U.S. Navy.

When It's Good To Be Angry!

By Don Crowhurst

TOLD AS often as we are that it is bad to be angry, it is refreshing to come upon a piece of advice which says, "do be angry," even with the qualification, "but in such a way that your anger is not a sin." The Apostle Paul said this in a letter to the Ephesians (4:26).

We are all too familiar with anger in its objectionable forms — the rage of the selfish person who has been thwarted, the fury of the proud man whose prestige has been sullied or whose rights have been infringed upon. Sometimes the anger is of the sullen kind, like the smoldering fires in a dump; and sometimes the anger is volcanic. It is never pleasant, however it shows itself.

Henry Ward Beecher, the famous

preacher of Brooklyn, won into firm friendship a man who hated him. The enemy-turned-friend explained how the change took place. Whenever a man did Beecher an ill turn, Beecher was not happy until he had retaliated with a good turn. Beecher had treated this man's contempt with kindness and the kindness won through.

Beecher knew that "the way to get rid of an enemy is to make him your friend."

Don't think for a moment that Beecher was not a man of strong personality. He was. He was a fighter. As one of America's greatest platform orators he traveled the country raising his voice in judgment against slavery.

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When men abused Beecher, he loved them. When the cause of justice needed a champion, Beecher struck out with the burning power of forked lightning. In Beecher we see a man who used his anger without its becoming a sin. It was a similar anger that blazed when Abraham Lincoln called on God to help him make his anger effective in the cause of right. "God helping me, I'll smash the slave trade," he said.

In the early 1800's in Britain Lord Shaftesbury saw children four and five years of age going down into the dark, dirty mines to work long hours. It made him angry and he determined to do something about it.

For these men and many others, wrong made them angry, and anger became a compelling force in their effort to bring reforms. Such anger can only be good. Said Martin Luther, observing the power of anger to motivate him, "When I am angry, I preach well and I pray well."

THERE were times when Jesus was angry, but it was never the anger of petulance or wounded pride. Rather, it was the anger of purity roused against wrong, the indignation of sympathy aroused against cruelty. It was strong at times — blazing like a furnace, withering, blistering — but there was something majestic about it.

Jesus healed a man on the Sabbath. The man's arm had been withered. The orthodox Jews of the day had become legalistic about their Sabbaths and objected to the healing on the grounds that it was a breach of the holy day. They failed

to observe the larger principle, that, "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," Mark, who records the story, reports that Jesus looked round at them with anger and sorrow at their obstinate stupidity. It was not their criticism of him that made Jesus angry. He was angry at the rigidity of an orthodoxy that could impose unnecessary suffering on a fellow human being.

He was angry when he whipped the money-changers out of the temple, for they were exploiting the poor people. In the name of worship they coerced the peasants into spending money that should have provided their children with bread. He saw them as parasites parading under the guise of piety. It made him angry, and it made him act.

We err when we fail to think of men and women as persons with body *and* soul. Evangelistic work can fail by forgetting the bodily needs, and social work can fail by forgetting the hunger of the human spirit for God.

There is an unworthy anger that destroys, but also a righteous anger that builds. This healthy, wholesome anger can save us from the non-productive contentment "that builds its sweet little nest . . . and lets the rest of the world go by."

The *London Spectator* published a verse on that wonderful character, St. Francis of Assisi. Its merit is not in its rhyme.

St. Francis of Assisi
Could not take things easy.
That is one of the Advances,
We have made upon St. Francis.

It is wrong to take things easy *anger* and to *action*.
when the cause of God calls us to "Be ye angry — and sin not."

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Ephesians 4:26; Matthew 23

1. Cite from your own experience some instances of destructive and constructive anger, either in yourself or in others.
2. What elements must be present to make anger constructive?
3. What is the relationship of anger to love?
4. The "angry young man" has received much notice in recent years. Ought one to be permanently angry? Can some people be said to be scarred by a deep residual anger? What may be required to dissipate such feeling?
5. What do you make of Jesus' anger in Matthew 23?

Crossing Guard

Veteran of two wars
He bends,
Marshaling his troops
Beside the curb:
Small boys with
Colored mess kits,
Small girls, shy smiles
Their only weapon.

Between the high spot
He commands
And safety
On the other ridge,
The enemy pursues
His deadly course.

With flag upraised
He leads the way,
Offering once more
His shattered frame
A human shield
For those he loves.

—Janet Craig-James

Funding Made Fun

The Funding Committee decided to divide the town into five zones, with each committeeman to visit the church families in his or her zone. The zones were called South, North, East, West, and Central. The committee members were named Okie, Ruth, Al, Virgil, and Thelma; curiously, they were 20, 30, 40, 50, and 60 years of age. Given the few "facts" below, plus a pinch of common sense, can you tell the age and zone of each member?

- (1) The 60-year-old asked to visit the farm families.
- (2) The person assigned to the South Zone plays halfback on the church touch-football team.
- (3) Ruth saw her father once while both were visiting families in their zones; Al was now twice her age.
- (4) The Central Zone was left to "veteran hands" because it included the largest portion of church members.
- (5) Okie, while on his "rounds," saw three other committee members making their calls.
- (6) Since it was winter Al visited during the daytime; he disliked driving at night, which came first to his zone.
- (7) Only Okie wasn't twice or half as old as another member.
- (8) The gals, just ten years apart, were assigned to neighboring zones.

ANSWERS: Okie, 50, had the Central Zone; Ruth, 30, the North; Al, 60, the East; Virgil, 20, the South, and Thelma, 40, the West.

By Gordon Burgett

Worth Repeating

Man is the only animal who blushes — or needs to.—Mark Twain.

People often call on God but seldom stay to visit.—Millie-Grams.

Pat Ternal says he's not sure just what his son at college plans to be after he graduates but it could be middle-aged.—Franklin P. Jones.

Is the dog man's best friend because he wags his tail — not his tongue?—Ward's Words.

Unconcern asks: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Compassion proclaims: "I am my neighbor's brother."—*ibid.*

"Perhaps my real claim to distinction is that I have never traveled at government expense."—Justice William O. Douglas.

When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever, leaving in its place something that I have traded for it.—*Fireside Chat*

An alcoholic is a person who lives in a dram world.—Shirley Friedman.

Our great-grandfathers called it the Holy Sabbath; our grandfathers called it the Sabbath; our fathers called it Sunday; and today we call it the week-end.—*Catholic Quote*

A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject.

Inflation is what turns a nest egg into chicken feed.

The trouble with some people who don't have much to say is that you have to listen so long to find it out.—*Thinking Out Loud.*

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong; but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—Euripides.

What Am I Doing Here?

By Lon Woodrum

YOU look beat, man," said Spinoza Jones to Harry Horse.

"Fortune has broken my legs," wailed Harry, "then kicked me for being lame. Like, maybe, I should never have been born."

"Like you had nothing to do with that," said Spinoza.

"Somebody had something to do with it!" said Harry.

"Unquestionably," said Spinoza. "And not only your parents. Somebody bigger than them had something to do with it. Your being here is not purely accidental. Hence, chum, you must have a mission to fulfill."

"You, and your philosophy," growled Harry.

"What if the nightingale could

talk?" said Spinoza.

"So what if it could?" Harry replied.

"Would it not say, 'For this cause came I into the world — to make music'? And what would the honey-bee say? 'I'm here to make honey.' And the cornstalk would say, 'I'm here to make food.'"

"So what? Nightingales, honey-bees, cornstalks."

"Everything seems to be doing its thing except man," said Spinoza.

"Did I ask to be born?" demanded Harry.

"Neither did you ask to be German, or Guatemalan, or a halfbreed! You didn't ask for ears that stick out like handles on a soup tureen, nor for a nose like a squash. You didn't

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ask whether you'd be smart or a ninnyhammer!"

"Oh, baby!" snorted Harry.

"So, you didn't ask to be here, but here you are. But whoever put you here can't do much for you without your help. Like you're stuck, man, with a thing called *choice*."

"What if I refuse to choose?"

"You're still making a choice!"

"What if I do as I please?"

"Baby, you never do as you please — unless you please to serve God! Up to a point you can do as you please. You can climb up on a skyscraper and walk off the edge. But once you walk over and gravity takes hold of you, where, then, is your freedom to do as you please?"

Predestined Choosers?

"We are creatures of predestination, also creatures of choice," said Spinoza. "Did you make your skin white? But you can make it filthy or clean. Like, man, you're stuck with yourself. Even if you *didn't* have anything to do with bringing yourself into the world."

"I do not know what I am!" cried Harry.

"You, chum, are an astounding entity! You possess a three-pound wetcell brain-battery that's like a thousand switchboards in a big city going full tilt, asking questions, giving orders, interpreting things. You are, indeed, an astounding entity!"

"What am I doing here?"

You Must Be Important

"Whoever put you here must have had something important in mind for you, to fix you up with all your

equipment! Imagine Him making such an amazing creature, only to let it die! Like you don't build a big jet plane and say, 'It's not supposed to do anything!'"

Spinoza paused, then said, "What if He who made you *believes* in you? What if He believes that you can do something really big if you let yourself go? Millions of things operate according to His will — just because they have no wills! But you, he gave you a will. But he gave you a mind, too. So get with it, man!"

"I still didn't ask to be born," muttered Harry.

"What if you had a son? Would he ask to be born? But you wanted a son, whether he asked to be your son or not. But after he was here wouldn't you want him to be a right guy? But whether he's a right guy or not depends on him — after you've done all you could for him. Right?"

Harry shrugged.

Spinoza said, "Have you never read in the great Book about this Man who said, 'For this cause came I into the world to bear witness to the truth? Like this Man knew *why* He was here. He kept the faith of Him who sent him. He did his thing."

"You, and your theology," snorted Harry.

"Do I know why I'm here? You'd better believe it, friend. This voice inside me keeps telling me. The great Book tells me. The spirit tells me. Like I'm here to glorify my Maker and to serve my fellowman. This is my thing. And I can do it — through the power of grace and the Spirit."

"But—," said Harry.

"You didn't ask to be born. But

are you asking to *not* go on living? No, you ask to go on. Your request is granted. So, there you are. Like what are you going to do about it?"

Harry lifted his shoulders and let them down. "Like, maybe, I ought to get on with it, huh?"

"Like maybe you ought," said Spinoza. "Like you'll always have

help — if you're a praying man. Like when you walk with Him who put you here you'll carry immortality around inside you! *That* ought to make you glad you were born, baby."

"You, and your religion!" said Harry grinning, and holding out his hand to shake the hand of Spinoza Jones.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Deuteronomy 30:11-20

1. Someone has said that to live effectively a person must have faced and found answers to a relatively few very basic questions. What do you think these questions are?
2. Does it help to have answers to questions we're not asking?
3. The Danish theologian, Soren Kierkegaard said that faith is like swimming; one must pick one's feet off the bottom and commit one's self to the deep. He also spoke of the need for a "leap of faith." What do you suppose he meant?

Remorse

Two years ago my boy came home from college.
He said, The lawn needs cutting, I will mow it.
Not knowing I had set out several roses
obscurely at the edges of the lawn,
he cut the bushes off, and I was sad.

Discomfited, he used his meager resource,
secured two bushes, set them out for me.
How often I've regretted not concealing
my sadness when he cut those paltry shoots.
Now as I pass their blooms I think of him—
sometimes I walk purposely to look—
I wish that he were here to smell their fragrance.
It's I who ought to be in Vietnam.

—Grant D. Morse

Spin These!

Missa a La Samba. The Peloquin Chorale, C. Alexander Peloquin conducting, with Lucien Olivier, Jesse Coston, American Brass Quintet; Anne Marguerite Michaud, harp; Louis Scacco, string bass; George Goneconto, percussion; C. Alexander Peloquin, organ. G. I. A. Records. 2115 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. 60636. Stereo, release M/S-124.

Here is some exciting religious music for our age. In "Shout for Joy" the use of a cantor over against the excellent chorus is highly effective. Melody and rhythm abound in the "Missa." Its Gloria is particularly exuberant. In the context of Christian Unity "The Bread Is One," and "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" are strikingly suggestive and powerfully supported by the organ.

And the Waters Keep on Running Through My Mind. Songs for liturgical and other celebrations by Sebastian Temple. G. I. A. Records. 2115 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. 60636. Stereo, No. M/S-133.

Supported by chorus, flute, guitar, and strings, Temple presents religious music vibrant with life and rhythm. Among the offerings beside the title number are "Lamp Unto My Feet," "Go in Peace and Love," and "The Last Day." The lyrics are beautifully matched to the music. The rhythm of "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord" is particularly engaging. Sebastian Temple's music calls to mind, at least for this reviewer, the haunting quality of Harry Belafonte's style.

Crown Him With Many Crowns, and other hymns and arias sung by Jimmie Owens; arranged and conducted by Jimmie Owens. Word Records. 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Tex. 76703. Stereo, No. WST 8522.

The tenor soloist of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association presents ten selections including "In Native Worth" from Haydn's "Creation," "Oh Lord Most Holy" by Cesar Franck, "Thou Shalt Break Them" from Handel's *Messiah*, and Mason's "Oh Could I Speak." "Crown Him With Many Crowns" is rousinglly done with full orchestra. Mr. McDonald sings with great clarity and tonal fullness.

News in Pictures

This little girl, a refugee from East Pakistan, found shelter in an empty sewer pipe in Salt Lake Camp, near Calcutta. More than six million refugees have sought a home in India. CROP, Community Hunger Appeal of Church World Service, has shipped four carloads of beans and provided money to buy blankets and tarpaulins. The Christian Agency for Social Action is maintaining 40 camps in West Bengal and Assam.



George Beverly Shea of the Billy Graham Crusade Team, sang "How Great Thou Art" and other songs for the crew of the *Coral Sea* and their families. Coffee, milk, punch and rolls were served in the wardroom following the singing and preaching by Evangelist Grady Wilson.



CDR Stanford E. Linzey, Jr., CHC, USN (center), was host to Beverly Shea (left) and Grady Wilson (right) on the *Coral Sea*.



Phu Cat chaplains serve coffee and pop to airmen during "cheer" break. Front, L-R: Chaplain, CPT, William E. Coen and Chaplain, MAJ, Alston R. Chace. Rear, L-R: Chaplain, MAJ, I. V. Tolbert and Chaplain, CPT, Collum D. Birdwell.



The Link Calendar

1972 lies before us. One need not know another's circumstances to be able to assert that each new year is rich with potential, with possibilities which did not exist last year. Lay hold of them! Make it a good year! God bless and keep you through it!

- Jan. 1 New Year's Day. A National Election Year for the United States. The LINK begins its 30th year of continuous publication. Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation on this day in 1863.
- Jan. 2 Second Sunday after Christmas.
- Jan. 6 Feast of the Epiphany, the traditional Twelfth Day of Christmas, commemorating Christ's "Manifestation to the Gentiles." On this day in 1941 President Roosevelt made his "Four Freedoms" speech to the Congress: Freedom of speech and expression; freedom to worship God; freedom from want; and freedom from fear.
- Jan. 8 Andrew Jackson Day in honor of the hero of the Battle of New Orleans.
- Jan. 9 First Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 14 Albert Schweitzer born this day in 1875.
- Jan. 16 Second Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 18-25 Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.
- Jan. 24 Feast of St. Timothy in honor of St. Paul's stalwart protégé.
In England the first Boy Scout troop was started on this date in 1908.
- Jan. 27 Thomas Edison patents his incandescent lamp on this date in 1880.
- Jan. 30 Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd President of the U.S., was born in 1882.

For Strength

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and so great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright. Grant to us such strength and protections as may support us in all dangers and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Books Are Friendly Things

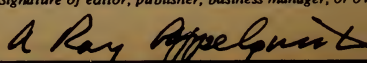
The Interpreter's One-Volume Commentary on the Bible, Including the Apocrypha, With General Articles; Edited by Charles M. Laymon, Abingdon Press, Nashville and New York, 1971; 1,386 pages, regular edition, \$17.50; \$19.50, thumb-indexed.

Not an abridgement of the famous 12-volume *Interpreter's Bible Commentary* of 1957, this massive, new one-volume commentary is assuredly the most up-to-date work in its field. Its appearance is undoubtedly *the* event of the year in Biblical publishing. I have not yet been able to peruse it in careful detail, and would lack space here to record my findings in detail if I had. From this work of some 70 scholars (a latter-day Septuagint?) serious students of Scripture can gain many new insights as they pursue an eternal task. This is a reliable, careful volume prepared at great cost. Inevitably, a work of this scope, compressed into one heavy (5 pounds, 5 ounces) tome, has to be set in very small type. —E.I.S.

The Cotton Patch Evidence. The Story of Clarence Jordan and the Koinonia Farm Experiment by Dallas Lee; Harper & Row, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y. 10016, 1971; 240 pages, cloth, \$5.95.

Clarence Jordan must stand among the saints of our time. Indeed, he was well ahead of his time (one could say infinitely ahead). As Dallas Lee penetratingly notes, for this "Southerner of Southerners" to step counter to all that the South held dear at a time when his kinsmen were leading the way into our Armed Forces in the early days of World War II is a sufficient indication of the character of the man. Truly, the Lord is no respecter of tradition. He moved Clarence Jordan to establish Koinonia Farm as an inter-racial, stoutly non-violent commune in 1942 in, of all possible hostile places, rural Georgia! Mr. Lee records the community's struggle to survive Southern inhospitality in vivid, gripping detail. Moments of high drama, repeated confrontations with local citizens — all laced with Clarence Jordan's stubborn, salty humor — follow one upon another. The community's fortunes reached a low ebb in 1967 when the Farm was nearly sold.

Though Mr. Jordan died on October 29, 1969, three months after his 57th birthday, his effort to apply Jesus' life and teaching literally to 20th-century life will never be forgotten. The emergence of the Koinonia Partners, with major thrusts in communication, instruction, and application of the "radical ideas of the Gospel message" will not, hopefully, institutionalize the founder's inimitable spirit. His Cotton Patch version of the Scriptures (not fully completed) will by themselves endure as a monument to his genius and obdurate saintliness. —E.I.S.

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Prayers

For the New Year

Most gracious God, you have been merciful to us in the year that is past and have guided and upheld us through all our days. We ask you to forgive our sins and to make us rich in faith and love; strengthen in us those virtues in which you delight, and grant that we may serve you and our fellowmen more devotedly in the year that lies before us; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Epiphany

O God, who guided by a star the wise men of the Gentiles to the worship of your only Son: Lead all peoples of the earth to know him now by faith, and in the world to come to see him in the splendor of his glory, where he lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and ever.

For Christian Unity

(Note: The annual Week of Prayer for Christian Unity begins on 18 Jan.)

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord: that as there is but one body and one spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Peace

O God who art Peace everlasting, whose chosen reward is the gift of peace, and who hast taught us that the peacemakers are Thy children, pour Thy peace into our souls, that everything discordant may utterly vanish, and all that makes for peace be sweet to us forever; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

At Ease!

Sign above a mission door in one of our larger cities; "If you're tired of sin," it reads, "come in."

Below it, scrawled in pencil, "If not, call Lucy at . . ."

—"Laugh It Off," *Oklahoma Today*.

Judge: "What is the charge against this man?"

Officer: "Bigotry, your honor. He's got three wives."

Judge: "I'm surprised at your ignorance, officer. That is not bigotry; it's trigonometry."—*Grit*



A man appeared at a local newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 reward for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price to pay for the return of a cat," said the clerk.

"Not this one," replied the man, in a whisper, "I drowned it."

The salesman after gaining entrance to the prospect's home put on his personality act. "My, what a lovely home you have," he gushed. "And what is in that beautiful vase on the mantel?"

"My husband's ashes," said the young wife.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. How long has he been dead?"

"He's not. He's just too lazy to find an ashtray."

The old settlers in the far west, confirmed bachelors, got to talking about cooking.

"I got one of them cookery books once, but I never could do nothing with it."

"Too much fancy work in it, eh?"

"Yup. Every one of them receipts began the same way: 'Take a clean dish and . . .' and that settled me."

The explorer, who had been away two years, picked up his mail at the remote island outpost.

In the mail was a letter in which his wife described a prayer their 4-year-old son recently made. She quoted:

"Dear Lord, please send me a little baby sister so we will have something to surprise Daddy with when he comes home."



All the World's Ills, All the World's Hopes Congregate Together Beside the East River in New York. As a New and Possibly Fateful Year Begins and the Enormous Pressures of Contemporary Life More Insistently Forbid Purely Local Solutions to Global Issues, the Representatives of the Nations Pursue Their Negotiations with New Urgency. They Have Their Work; We Have Ours. May the Lord Bless Both in 1972.



